



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# HARVARD THEOLOGICAL REVIEW

VOLUME XII

OCTOBER, 1919

NUMBER 4

---

ISAAC WATTS

FREDERIC PALMER

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

It is somewhat singular that the teachers of Protestant theology who have had probably the widest influence have been not professors of divinity, not preachers, not persons of any standing as theological instructors, but unofficial men and women, often laymen and always self-appointed. For I suppose it is unquestionable that poetry and especially hymns have spread theology more widely than have treatises of divinity. Calvinism was stamped upon English-speaking peoples not so much directly by the *Institutes* as by Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and even more efficient in establishing the system which came to be known as Evangelicalism were the hymns of the eighteenth century; secondarily those of Newton and the Wesleys but primarily those of Isaac Watts. The formative influence of Watts, especially upon the religious life of New England, has been profound.

Hymn-singing is to us so much a matter of course that few persons probably are aware how recent a feature in public worship it is, and how great a strife was involved before it became established. Singing, it is true, formed part of the church service from primitive times; but the hymns of the Oriental and Latin Churches were generally sung by priest and choir, not by the people but for them,

and, throughout the Middle Ages, not in the mother tongue. After the Reformation the necessity was felt for songs in the vernacular in which all the people could join; and Luther's hymns sent the Reformed doctrines flying through Germany, while the Psalms in Clement Marot's version were sung by French courtiers and peasants and fell from the lips of Huguenots as their heads fell at Amboise. In England the same need gave rise to the metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, which was adopted by the Church of England in 1562 and continued to be used for nearly two centuries and a half. But, let it be noted, in both the last two cases it was Psalms that were sung, not hymns. The Psalms, it was maintained, were inspired, while hymns were not. This argument would seem to compel the use of the holy text in every particular, without the change of a word and even in the original Hebrew; and there were those who stood up sturdily to the logic of the situation, and stumbled through the difficulties of trying to get a congregation to chant the very words of the Scripture, though not in the original. Chanting, however, had a certain popish flavor; and to avoid both this and unworshipful discord metrical versions were tolerated. In King Edward the Sixth's chapel a metrical version of the Acts of the Apostles was in use, and the royal ear was edified by listening to such inspiring strains as the following:

" It chaunced in Iconium,  
As they oft tymes did use,  
Together they into did come  
The sinagoge of Jeus.

Where they did preache and only seke  
God's grace them to atchieve;  
That soe they speke to Jeu and Greke  
That many did bileve."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The first mention of the substitution of congregational psalmody for the old choral mode of worship places it in the reign of King Edward VI: "On March 15, 1550, M.

Some, however, took refuge in banishing music altogether; and in the case of the Nonconformists in the latter half of the seventeenth century there was an additional reason for this. Singing might betray to the informer the meeting-house or the wood where the persecuted were assembled. Among those congregations which had no singing was the Baptist church in London whose pastor was Benjamin Keach, and of which half a century ago Mr. Spurgeon was pastor. In 1691 Keach published a book entitled *The Breach Repaired in God's Worship; or Singing of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs Proved to be an Holy Ordinance of Jesus Christ*. This led after long discussion to the decision by his congregation to introduce singing; whereupon a disapproving minority seceded and established a place of worship for themselves unpolluted by song.<sup>2</sup>

Other churches compromised on the Psalms in a metrical version, but, feeling that the line must be drawn somewhere, drew it at hymns. This issue again rent churches asunder. In 1623 George Wither published *Hymnes and Songs of the Church*; and he succeeded in procuring a letter-patent ordering that it should be inserted in every copy of the authorized *Psalm-book in meeter*. But the hymns never became popular, and in 1634 the permission

Vernon, a Frenchman by birth but a learned Protestant and parson of St. Martin's, Ludgate, preached at St. Paul's Cross before the mayor and aldermen, and after sermon done they all sung in common a psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done, the custom being brought to us from abroad by the exiles." Nichols's Progress of Queen Elizabeth, I, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> "A curious controversy once agitated this body [the Baptists], as to the propriety of singing at all in worship; a practice which, at one period, they generally omitted. Mr. Keach was the first who broke the ice; he began to introduce singing at the ordinance; after a struggle of six years it was added to the devotions of thanksgiving days; and after fourteen years more of perseverance and debate it was permitted at the close of each service on the sabbath, that those who chose might withdraw and not have their ears offended by the sound. The church, however, divided, and the inharmonious formed a new society, which still flourishes in Mays Pond. Isaac Marlowe fiercely opposed Mr. Keach, designating the practice as 'error, apostasy, human tradition, pre-limited forms, mischievous error, carnal worship.'" Thomas Milner; *Life, Times, and Correspondence of Rev. Isaac Watts*, p. 360.

was withdrawn. We may perhaps trace some influence of Wither upon Watts; especially between the former's evening hymn, "Behold the sun that seemed but now, Enthronéd overhead," and the latter's "Thee we adore, eternal Name" (II, 55), and between Wither's "Lullaby" and Watts's celebrated "Cradle Hymn." Yet the influence, if it exists, is shown not in imitation but rather in simplicity of subject and feeling.

The aversion to hymn-singing had a certain justification in the strong influence which, as I have said, hymns exert, and the possibility — which unfortunately, as we see, is no mere possibility — that erroneous opinions held by the well-meaning but ignorant authors of the hymns, may be inculcated by them. It was Isaac Watts, who has been called almost the inventor of hymns in our language, who bridged the chasm between the songless or Psalm-using worship and the exuberant hymn-singing of our day.

He was born at Southampton in 1674. His father kept a boarding-school, and was a Nonconformist. This latter fact prevented the boy from going to the university. For though some friends offered to meet the expense of a university education for him, this would have involved his becoming a member of the Church of England; and with the memory of the imprisonment for religion which his father had suffered, while his mother sat with Isaac in her arms on the stone at the prison-door, he refused the offer. Stories are told of his youthful precocity in literature — that he began to read Latin at four years old, and Greek and Hebrew soon after; that he composed respectable devotional verses at seven or eight; that he devoured books, and spent his casual pennies for them. Rev. Samuel Price, his colleague in the pastorate, gives the following account of the beginning of his hymn-writing, before he was fifteen years old:

"The hymns which were sung at the Dissenting Meeting at Southampton were so little to the gust of Mr. Watts that he could not for-

bear complaining of them to his father. The father bid him try what he could do to mend the matter. He did; and had such success in his first essay, 'Behold the glories of the Lamb,' that a second hymn was earnestly desired of him, and then a third and fourth, till in process of time there was such a number of them as to make up a volume."<sup>3</sup>

This is an instance of the excellence and the defect of Watts as a hymn-writer. Apart from the fact that it is remarkable that a hymn like this could have been written by so young a person, the hymn shows Watts's directness of statement, ease of expression, and vividness in depicting a scene; but its origin was the demand of an external occasion rather than the compulsion of an internal impulse. Much of his poetry is of this stamp, and therefore tends to being machine-made. It would have been well if he had taken the advice of his friend Sir Edward King, who said to him in early life, "Young man, I hear that you make verses. Let me advise you never to do it but when you cannot help it."

When he was fifteen he was sent to an academy in London, whose principal, Rev. Thomas Rowe, was also minister of a congregation of Independents. On leaving the academy he entered on one of those periods of mental incubation in which poets — Milton, Tennyson, and many others — have often engaged. He spent two years and a half in his father's house, doing nothing, so far as accomplishment was visible, but, like another Congregational poet — Robert Browning — reading, meditating, writing, training himself in the handling of verse. Then for five years he was tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp at Stoke Newington, a London suburb. For the last three of these years he was also assistant minister at the Mark Lane Independent Chapel in London; and when in 1701 the pastor, Dr. Isaac Chauncy, retired, Watts accepted a call to succeed him.

<sup>3</sup> The Hymn-Lover. W. Garrett Horder. P. 98.

His health, however, had never been strong since a serious illness which he had when he was fifteen years old. Moreover, he had none of the modern knowledge of hygiene which enables feeble bodies to defy their limitations. So he indulged himself in hard work and little exercise and sleep cut short, till after a few months in the pastorate another severe illness laid him aside. He must have had much sweetness, intellectual power, and personal attraction to account for the devotion which his congregation, even after so short a connection, showed him, and for their patience with his limitations throughout his long life. In dedicating a volume of sermons to his congregation he wrote: "Two and twenty years are now expired since you first called me to this delightful work. . . . Your forward kindness hath always forbid my requests; nor do I remember that you ever gave me leave to ask anything for myself at your hands, by your constant anticipation of all that I could reasonably desire." <sup>4</sup>

They gave him Rev. Samuel Price as an assistant, and for nine years he was able to take his duties with more or less regularity. Then another long attack of fever was followed by what we should call nervous prostration. Mr. Price now relieved him from most of the duties of his office by becoming co-pastor with him, and one of his friends, Sir Thomas Abney, invited him for a visit to his house at Theobald's, some dozen miles north of London. Watts went for a week, and remained with the family for thirty-six years, as long as he needed an earthly home.

Sir Thomas Abney was wealthy, prominent in city affairs, and, though a Nonconformist, had been in 1700 Lord Mayor of London. Theobald's had been built as a palace by Lord Burleigh, but had been destroyed by the Long Parliament. Part of the splendid garden, however, still remained; and here, overhung by two rows of elms, were a long walk and a summer house, where Watts is said to

<sup>4</sup> Preface to *Sermons on Various Subjects*. Vol. I.

have composed many of his works. Sir Thomas and Lady Abney were the kindest of friends to him, and their family became his own. Dr. Samuel Johnson found somewhat similar hospitality in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thrale at Streatham Park; and shortly before Watts went to Sir Thomas Abney's, John Locke ended with his life a fourteen-year visit to Sir Francis and Lady Masham at Oates in Essex. Such a relation between host and guest was close enough to require the distance of politeness and distant enough to exclude close quarreling; though this was hardly the case always between Johnson and the Thrales.

While Watts was living with the Abneys Lady Abney's brother, Thomas Gunston, died, and left to her his manor-house at Stoke Newington, which was then a country village. Some time after, probably about 1735, the Abneys removed to Stoke Newington, though Sir Thomas had died in 1722. Here Watts spent the last thirteen years of his life. He never married; and it was through the three daughters of his hosts, Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Abney, that he gained that acquaintance with childhood which led him to become the pioneer in the religious education of children.

His residence with the Abneys did not interrupt his relations with his parish; for whenever he wished to officiate, Lady Abney's carriage was at his disposal, and when he did not feel able, his colleague, Rev. Mr. Price, stood ready to supply his place. The rush of parish work, which in our time drives many a minister to constant busyness and intellectual sterility, did not then exist. The demands of a parish, apart from public services, were much the same as they had been a century before in George Herbert's day; and though the duties of a city minister were naturally more complex than those of a country parson, they were on the same plan. "The Country Parson," says Herbert, "upon the afternoons in the weekdays takes



occasion sometimes to visit in person now one quarter of his Parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are, wallowing in the midst of their affairs." To live in the country with no household cares, to drive into town and preach occasionally, to have a colleague who should attend to the business of the parish — such conditions would seem to some modern ministers ideal, to others ludicrously insufficient. To Dr. Watts they gave the opportunity of establishing a close bond between himself and his congregation, of gaining a prominent position as a preacher and leader among the Nonconformists, of publishing an amount of prose vast for even a literary person in that voluminous age, of attaining a place — not of the first rank but indisputable — among the poets of the language, and of moulding the thoughts and kindling the emotions of English Protestant Christians for more than a century.

After Sir Thomas Abney's death his widow and her daughters continued to care for their guest with the same munificent and affectionate devotion they had already shown. As he grew feeble a friend asked him one day how he was. "Waiting God's leave to die," he replied. On November 25, 1748, in his seventy-fifth year, the awaited permission came.

In 1722, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a voluminous writer; in addition to his poetical works he published on logic, astronomy, geography, grammar, pedagogics, and ethics. He published also in his lifetime three volumes of sermons and twenty-nine treatises on theology. His publications were fifty-two in all. His collected works were issued in London in 1810 in six volumes and again in 1812 in nine volumes. He has a monument in the cemetery in Abney Park, where he is buried, and also in Westminster Abbey, with a memorial hall and a statue in his native Southampton.

It was the need for song better adapted to public worship that led Watts to writing, and it was he who constructed the bridge between the metrical versions of the Psalms and the ampler hymnody of our day. The further pier of his bridge was, it is true, the Psalms in a metrical version. Like Lazarus, he had "come forth," but with the clothes of the dead past still around him. But this version of his was quite different from that of Sternhold and Hopkins, or of Tate and Brady which had preceded it. They had largely confined themselves to a Procrustean arrangement of the Biblical words into lines and feet. But the character of Watts's version was expressed in its title: *The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*. He never hesitated to read the New Testament into the Old, to substitute gospel for law, to make David sing the song not only of Moses but of the Lamb. Thus where the author of the 103d Psalm says, "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction," Watts amplifies and transforms this into

" 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes that thou hast done."

That Watts had gauged the public need with accuracy is shown by the reception which his Psalms and hymns met. Among the Nonconformists they drove out all others and dominated song in worship for a century. Their influence reached New England somewhat later than their home. *The Bay Psalm Book*, published in 1640, was used here until the middle of the next century, when it was superseded by Tate and Brady, and this toward the end of the century by Watts. A half-century later the Psalms came to be generally disused and a wider range of hymns desired. This led to the publication known as *Watts and Select*, in which to Watts's Psalms and hymns there were added two hundred and thirty-four hymns by different authors.

Two obstacles have prevented a more general appreciation of Watts's poetry. One is the enormous amount of his output and the consequent worthlessness of much of it. Few persons are patient enough to wade through six hundred hymns together with two volumes of other poetry in order to winnow the grain from the chaff. But the nutritive grain is there. The other obstacle is that the hymns are generally regarded from a homiletic rather than a poetic point of view. Their value is supposed to lie in the doctrines which they set forth; and because these doctrines are today for the most part out of fashion, the hymns are relegated to the scrap-heap. But their value lies, as with all poetry, not in inculcating an opinion but in conveying a mood. The background must be granted. The pastoral poetry of the eighteenth century dealt in nymphs and swains, creatures as impossible to find in the country as fairies or salamanders. But granting that the poet chose to employ these figures, the important question is, what did he do with them? So if one would discover the value of Watts, his theological scenery must be assumed. In order to understand him we must see not merely the world but the universe as he saw it. Assume a great Monarch sitting aloft upon a throne, exercising a sway of arbitrary and absolute power over those for whom the poet's favorite designation is "worms of the dust." Never mind whether that is an adequate conception of God, but could there be a more splendid statement of it than this?

"Keep silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod?  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree.  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

. . . . .

Chained to his throne a volume lies,  
 With all the fates of men,  
 With every angel's form and size,  
 Drawn by the eternal pen.

. . . . .

Here he exalts neglected worms  
 To sceptres and a crown;  
 Anon the following page he turns  
 And treads the monarchs down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives,  
 Nor dares the favorite angel pry  
 Between the folded leaves.”<sup>5</sup>

Or see the poet again as he stands with bated breath  
 before this sovereign presence:

“The Lord! how fearful is his name!  
 How wide is his command!  
 Nature with all her moving frame  
 Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,  
 And light his awful robe,  
 While with a smile or with a frown  
 He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath  
 Can swell or sink the seas,  
 Build the vast empires of the earth  
 Or break them, as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall  
 In all their shining forms;  
 His sovereign eye looks thro' them all,  
 And pities mortal worms.”<sup>5</sup>

This thought of the Divine action as based not upon reasonableness but upon pure will is as inspiring to Watts as it is repulsive to us. He has a thoroughly Hebraic joy in it.

<sup>5</sup> H. L. P. 9. The references are to any edition of the Psalms and the Three Books of Hymns, and to *Horae Lyricae*, ed. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston, 1854.

“ When the Eternal bows the skies  
 To visit earthly things,  
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
 From towers of haughty kings;

Rides on a cloud disdainful by  
 A sultan or a czar,  
 Laughs at the worms that rise so high,  
 Or frowns 'em from afar.

He bids his awful chariot roll  
 Far downward from the skies  
 To visit every humble soul,  
 With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord, that reigns above,  
 Disdain so lofty kings ?  
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
 Upon such worthless things ?

Mortals, be dumb! What creature dares  
 Dispute his awful will!  
 Ask no account of his affairs,  
 But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,  
 All sovereign and all free.  
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways!  
 How deep thy judgments be! ” <sup>6</sup>

It would be difficult to express the majesty of God more adequately than in the following verses:

“ Nature and time quite naked lie  
 To thine immense survey,  
 From the formation of the sky  
 To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,  
 Stands present in thy view;  
 To thee there 's nothing old appears;  
 Great God, there 's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
 And vexed with trifling cares,  
 While thine eternal thoughts move on  
 Their undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art thou!  
 What worthless worms are we!  
 Let the whole race of creatures bow  
 And pay their praise to thee!" <sup>7</sup>

Again, his heaven may not be ours, but see what a charming place it is. He is as confident in regard to its features and inhabitants as he is of the country around Theobald's. Yet if we smile in the superiority of our knowledge or stiffen up and declare "No such topography for me!" we shall miss the sweetness and felicity of such glad lines as these:

"There is a land of pure delight  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between." <sup>8</sup>

The incomparable joys of heaven, eagerness to reach it, and the consequent insignificance of death, are his favorite subjects. One leads to another.

"My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days  
 And comfort of my nights,

<sup>7</sup> II, 67.

<sup>8</sup> II, 66.

In darkest shades if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun.  
 He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
 And he my rising sun.

My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way  
 To embrace my dearest Lord;  
 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Should bear me conqueror through."<sup>9</sup>

Those who have known Watts's hymns have perhaps no association with them more sacred than with that one which they have often heard sung by pious fathers and mothers, half in doubting hesitation, half in triumphant confidence:

"When I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to every fear  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.  
 Should earth against my soul engage  
 And hellish darts be hurled,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.  
 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all,  
 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast."<sup>10</sup>

Edwin Paxton Hood says: "The gifted nobleman, who was the Mecænas of the past age, was not an indifferent

<sup>9</sup> II, 54.

<sup>10</sup> II, 65.

critic, and when called on to cite the most perfect verse in the language, he immediately instanced " the last stanza above quoted."<sup>11</sup>

Such a celestial prospect makes one long for its realization. Moses was the fortunate one in his death, in spite of his disappointment, for he not only received God's commands but was accompanied at every step by the comforting Divine presence.

" Sweet was the journey to the sky  
The wondrous prophet tried;  
' Climb up the mount,' says God, ' and die! '  
The prophet climbed and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay  
Upon his Maker's breast;  
His Maker kissed his soul away  
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath  
That God's own spirit gave.  
His was the noblest road to death,  
And his the sweetest grave."<sup>12</sup>

With such a blissful transition in view, death is a welcome messenger, and a saint who is dying is to be envied.

" Lord, when we see a saint of thine  
Lie gasping out his breath,  
With longing eyes and looks divine,  
Smiling and pleased in death;

How could we e'en contend to lay  
Our limbs upon that bed!  
We ask thine envoy to convey  
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing  
To venture in his place,  
For when grim Death has lost his sting  
He has an angel's face.

. . . . .

<sup>11</sup> Isaac Watts, *His Life and Writings, Homes and Friends*, p. 104.

<sup>12</sup> H. L. P. 129.



Oh! if my threatening sins were gone  
And Death had lost his sting,  
I could invite the angel on,  
And chide his lazy wing.  
Away, these interposing days,  
And let the lovers meet!  
The angel has a cold embrace,  
But kind and soft and sweet.  
I'd leap at once my seventy years,  
I'd rush into his arms,  
And lose my breath and all my cares  
Amidst those heavenly charms.  
Joyful, I'd lay this body down  
And leave the lifeless clay,  
Without a sigh, without a groan,  
And stretch and soar away." <sup>13</sup>

However we may portray heaven, we are apt to be squeamish about depicting hell, even if we concede its existence. Though we may take symbols for realities elsewhere, we never think of regarding the condition depicted in Dante's *Inferno* as a statement of fact. But Watts saw no reason for restraining his imagination in describing a locality which to him was as real as the slums of London. Moreover, the homiletic fashion of the Middle Ages, when the torture of criminals was common and frequently a public spectacle, had not ceased in Watts's day, as indeed it has not wholly in some quarters at present, and preachers were accustomed to balance their exhibition of the splendors of heaven by lurid descriptions, reeking with brimstone and bristling with horrors, of the torments of hell. Watts is much more restrained than most of these, both in quantity and quality. His hymns on this subject are comparatively few. The worst of them is the following:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!

<sup>13</sup> H. L. P. 42.

Lingering about these mortal shores  
 She makes a long delay,  
 Till like a flood with rapid force,  
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift and dreadful she descends  
 Down to the fiery coast  
 Amongst abominable fiends,  
 Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
 And darkness makes their chains;  
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,  
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood  
 For their old guilt atones,  
 Nor the compassion of a God  
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
 Nor bid my soul remove  
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,  
 And well insured his love! ” <sup>14</sup>

It is difficult, in view of such verses, to keep the compact we made with the poet, and, while appreciating his poetry as poetry, let him display his theology unprotested.

His tendency to visualize scenes makes almost every description vivid. One would hardly suppose a study in anatomy could be put into a hymn; but Watts accomplishes this feat, and makes the anatomy thoroughly poetic.

“ Let others boast how strong they be,  
 Nor death nor danger fear;  
 But we ’ll confess, O Lord, to thee  
 What feeble things we are.

. . . . .

Our life contains a thousand springs,  
 And dies if one be gone.  
 Strange, that a harp of thousand strings  
 Should keep in tune so long!

. . . . .

He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains  
 In all their motions rose.  
 'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the veins!'  
 And round the veins it flows.

While we have breath to use our tongues,  
 Our Maker we 'll adore.  
 His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
 Or they would breathe no more."<sup>15</sup>

I said it is difficult in reading some of Watts's hymns, to take them for their poetic worth and not cry out on their theology. It is especially hard for a child-lover when the poet faces the dualism at the base of his system of theologic thought and carries it unflinchingly to its logical conclusion. The Latin mind had from the first posited an opposition between the Divine and the human. Whatever is of the one is not of the other; the Divine is non-human, the human non-Divine. It follows that certain departments belong to God, certain others to man. "The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men." The torturing dilemma then presents itself, Which shall I love, my friends or God? Not both, for what is given to the one can but be just so much taken from the other. I ought to love God supremely, but can I refrain from loving my friends? Many a tender conscience has been thus plunged into torment because it has not understood the First Epistle of St. John. Watts felt obliged to versify on all the doctrines of his theology, and therefore on this. If we have an eye for beauty rather than for dogmatics, we may forgive him his poem for the sake of one line in it.

"Where'er my flattering passions rove  
 I find a lurking snare;  
 'Tis dangerous to let loose our love  
 Beneath the Eternal Fair.

Souls which the tie of friendship binds,  
 And partners of our blood,  
 Seize a large portion of our minds,  
 And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,  
 And reason she controls,  
 While children, with their little hands,  
 Hang closest to our souls.

Thoughtless, they act the old serpent's part.  
 What tempting things they be!  
 Lord, how they twine about our heart  
 And draw it off from thee!

. . . . .

Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,  
 And set our spirits free!  
 God in himself is bliss enough,  
 For we have all in thee." <sup>16</sup>

We may well overlook the dreadfulfulness of his doctrine for the sake of the felicitous tenderness of that line,

"What tempting things they be!"

Watts himself seems to have felt that the poem needed some excuse, for he never included it among his hymns, and to the section of poems of which this is the first he added a note, saying that it may be an apology for what may displease in them that they were written "in his youngest years." Moreover, he was regardlessly illogical in his practice, and refused to dismiss the love of children as infringing on love to God; for he was fond of children and devoted to the daughters of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney. Much theology which he felt bound to hold he, like other people, found it convenient to be not held by.

But more than this, he was the first to recognize that children had poetic rights and to give them a place in literature. In all Chaucer's crowded picture-gallery there is no portrait of a child; for the only tale bearing on the

<sup>16</sup> H. L. P. 103.

subject is a monkish legend,<sup>17</sup> and its subject is as far from being a real child as is the hero of an infant biography in a Sunday School library. Spenser has nothing to do with children. Shakespeare deals with them only four brief times.<sup>18</sup> Milton, apart from his youthful poem on the Death of a Fair Infant, does not mention them; for though the actors of "Comus" were originally children, the characters in the Masque are mature. Dean Colet had cast on them a kindly eye, and had endeavored to soften the asperities of learning for them.<sup>19</sup> But that child-world, whose discovery has been so marked a feature of the last fifty years, was unknown in the seventeenth century, and Isaac Watts was the Columbus who brought it into notice. Not that he had that interest in the study of children in themselves, that absorption in the charm of their looks and ways, that admission of their concerns to a level in dignity and importance with those of older people, which characterize modern child-worship. These have been later developments. To him, as to his contemporaries and our own benighted grandparents, children were to be seen and not heard, and they must ever be taught subordination, obedience, and their own comparative unimportance. But Watts had a profound interest in their education, especially their education in religion. He en-

<sup>17</sup> The Prioresses Tale.

<sup>18</sup> Cf. King John, King Henry V, Coriolanus, Macbeth.

<sup>19</sup> In the Latin Grammar which he wrote for his school of St. Paul's he says: "For the love and zeal that I have to the new school of Paul's and to the children of the same, I have of the eight parts of grammar made this little book. In which, if any new things be of me, it is alonely that I have put these parts in a more clear order, and I have made them a little more easy to young wits than (methinketh) they were before; judging that nothing may be too soft nor too familiar for little children, specially learning a tongue unto them all strange. In which little book I have left many things out of purpose, considering the tenderness and small capacity of little minds. . . . Wherefore I pray you, all little babes, all little children, learn gladly this little treatise and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting that of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last to be great clerks. And lift up your little white hands for me, which prayeth for you to God, to whom be all honour and imperial majesty and glory. Amen." The Oxford Reformers: Frederic Seebohm; p. 214.

deavored to construct a path from the school-books, to which they were driven by duty, into a field of literature to which they would resort of themselves. The path, it is true, conducted, not as with the children's books of today, to the flowery meadows of unhampered amusement, but to the uplands of morality and religion. But it was a pleasant path, adapted to little feet; and if a finger-post every now and then was pointing a didactic moral, why, that was only what every child expected and every grown person would have been shocked to find absent. So Dr. Watts issued a book, *Divine and Moral Songs*, parts of which, it is safe to say, have become almost as classic in the childish world as Mother Goose. Few well-bred children of the past generation — I cannot speak with as much knowledge of those of the present — did not know

“ Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;  
And 'tis a shameful sight  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.” <sup>20</sup>

And

“ Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so.  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.” <sup>21</sup>

And

“ How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

<sup>20</sup> H. L. P. 317.

<sup>21</sup> Ibid. P. 316.

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
 How neat she spreads the wax!  
 And labors hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes!

In works of labour or of skill  
 I would be busy too;  
 For Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.”<sup>22</sup>

His Cradle Hymn, “Hush, my Dear, lie still and slumber,” has crooned many a tired child to sleep. These *Divine and Moral Songs* deserve remembrance and respect not only as pioneers in literature for children but for the intrinsic merit of many of them. “Edition after edition rapidly issued from the press in England and America, and translations have since appeared in many of the European and transatlantic languages. The number of copies that have been circulated throughout the world must amount to many millions; upwards of thirty millions in this country are regularly kept in print; and, upon a moderate computation, the average annual sale in England only cannot be less than eighty thousand.”<sup>23</sup>

In summing up the characteristics of Watts’s poetry we may place first its reverence. It was a time when the thought of the immanence of God in nature and in man had almost fallen out of sight. The devout Christian of our day sees God around him so constantly, though he may not always call the higher element in life which he sees by the name of God, that the Divine presence is no surprise to him; he takes it as a matter of course. But to the men of the eighteenth century, filled as they were with the thought of the Divine transcendence, it was always a wonder and a surprise when the heavens or the earth opened and behind the visible they beheld God. They

<sup>22</sup> H. L. P. 320.

<sup>23</sup> Thomas Milner: *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Rev. Isaac Watts*, p. 372.

delighted, as they expressed it, to “see God in His works”; and in the fields decked with flowers, the towering mountain, the roaring sea, the glittering night sky, it was not directly beauty that they saw but the Jehovah of the Old Testament suddenly revealed, and before such an immediate vision they bow in awe. This attitude of worship is the chief characteristic of the best work of Watts. He is occupied with the deepest subjects which can interest men and which must interest them perpetually. They wear in him, however, the dress of his day, and this unfortunately often repels us. But beneath their dress lies their kinship with the souls of every age. These subjects he always treats with befitting dignity. More than that, when he approaches God there is ever with him the sense of awe; he bows low in the Divine presence. And as this is the subject of profoundest interest to him, it is the field of his most satisfactory work. He is almost unique in his ability to convey the impression of sublimity. His Muse is best when she walks with an *incedo regina* air. It is sometimes supposed that the Puritan mind had little interest in poetry. That interest is often underestimated. But as the central doctrine of Calvinism was the absoluteness of God, that poetry was chiefly interesting to the Puritan which exhibited this absoluteness in all its grandeur. It was partly for this reason that Watts had so strong a hold upon minds which inherited the Puritan tradition. In the austere doctrines which they held he showed them the springs of feeling.

This is the second characteristic of his poetry — its passion. His verses are by no means mere rhymed theology, but they are the outpouring of the effect of theology upon a sensitive and eager soul. He has not only found, as an earnest thinker might, the meat for daily life lying hidden in theologic doctrines, but he has discovered the joy in them, the dread, the inspiration, the bliss. He carries them over from the domain of thought into that of feeling,



and in giving us their emotional value, awakens it in us. The Puritan, contrary again to the popular impression, was not an unemotional person, though it took something of the eternal to touch his emotions; but when they were touched, they burned with a deep and consuming fire. Lord Rosebery in one of his speeches says, "The Puritan was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations." In a sermon on the use of the passions in religion Watts exclaims:

"Have they [preachers] no such thing as passion belonging to them? . . . Have they no springs of affection within them? or do they think their hearers have none? Or is passion so vile a power that it must be all devoted to things of flesh and sense, and must never be applied to things divine and heavenly? Who taught any of us this lazy and drowsy practice? . . . Did the great God ever appoint statues for his ambassadors to invite sinners to his mercy? Words of grace written upon brass or marble would do the work almost as well. . . . How careless and indolent is a whole assembly when the preacher appears like a lifeless engine, pronouncing words of law or grace, when he speaks of divine things in such a cold and formal manner, as though they had no influence upon his own heart! When the words freeze upon his lips, the hearts of hearers are freezing also."

The Romantic Movement had not yet awakened men to behold the world; but that enthusiasm which the Romanticist came to feel for the world of Nature, Watts felt for what he would have called the world of grace; but his world, instead of having for its contents hills and fields, had whatever concerned God, the human soul, and salvation. If the Church of England could have recognized the value of emotion in religion and found a place for it within her respectable doors, the Methodist Movement, of which it was the very life-blood, would probably not have resulted in secession. But during Watts's boyhood Dr. South was denouncing enthusiasm as worse than popery; "a monster," he calls it, "from whose teeming womb have issued some of the vilest, the foulest, the most absurd practices and opinions that the nature of man (as corrupt as it

is) was ever poisoned and polluted with.”<sup>24</sup> A generation before the Wesleys and Doddridge taught people to sing their religion, Watts was preparing the ground by pouring forth psalms and hymns which were full of ardent religious feeling.

Another characteristic of his poetry is its introspection. In this, it is true, he is not alone, for most religious poetry down to comparatively recent times has been occupied chiefly with religion in its relation to the individual. It was the distinctive note of Puritanism that the human soul and God are the two great objects which fill its vision. “God and I; I and God,” was the solemn chant sounding perpetually through the chambers in which the devout Puritan soul dwelt. The modern development of a social conscience had not yet awakened men to the complexity of the soul and therefore to its corporate relations with others. So Watts, like other devout singers, sees primarily the Jacob’s Ladder connecting heaven with himself. His introspection, however, we may perhaps say, has a somewhat different emphasis from that of George Herbert, for example, a century earlier. Herbert, in meditating on his soul and God, fixes his gaze more on God — His outgoing bounteousness, His unwearied search for men, His familiar converse with them. It is the angels descending that he sees. Watts is apt to give attention rather to the other end of the Ladder — the condition of his own soul and the ascending angels. He rejoices that he is among the saved; he wonders whether he is; he is overcome at the thought that it is for him that Christ died; he examines what came to be called, in the curious religious phraseology of the day, his “frames.” This, however, is not mere egotism, for he regards himself as a type of every earnest Christian. But he gave a strong impetus to religion as a personal experience, to what was called “experimental religion,” which pressed upon every one the insistent question “Are you a

<sup>24</sup> South’s Sermons; *Satan Himself Transformed into an Angel of Light*.

Christian ? ” The question would probably never have occurred to Herbert, so much would it have been for him a matter of course. To Watts, and even more to the generation following, it was the universal question of vital importance. The strength of the Church of Rome lies in her utilization of those sides of human nature in which choice is not directly involved, which are appealed to by the institutions of religion. Much of the strength of Protestantism lies in her call to the will, to personal affirmation. This has been a marked characteristic in that strong type of personality which has been so prominent a feature in Protestantism. Protestantism and individualism are near of kin.

To these characteristics of Watts's poetry must be joined another — a certain love of beauty. The assiduous study of nature had, as I said, not then arisen. But Watts has an eye for the country landscape as he walks

“ Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs  
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,  
With fleeces so clean and so white; ”

and he exclaims

“ How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower!  
The glory of April and May! ”

He feels the calm of a summer evening:

“ How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun!  
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
And there followed some droopings of rain!  
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
His rays are all gold and his beauties are best;  
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.” <sup>25</sup>

But it is chiefly in his literary style that he shows his eye for beauty, or perhaps we might rather say for form.

<sup>25</sup> H. L. P. 345.

Dr. Johnson declares of him: "He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style."<sup>26</sup> This verdict is supported by a passage in a letter from Enoch Watts to his brother Isaac, in which he says: "A load of scandal lies on the Dissenters only for their imagined aversion to poetry." Isaac Watts insists on the importance of beauty and therefore of poetry, and in poetry, of fit and beautiful expression. To appreciate the innovating character of the following passage we must remember that in his time poetry, like novels, was regarded by the pious as "worldly":

"The profanation and debasement of so divine an art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or, at least, that verse is only fit to recommend trifles and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat anything that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody; but they love the driest translation of the Psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves and their children that the beauties of poetry are vain and dangerous. All that arises above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of 'unclean and abominable.'"<sup>27</sup>

Felicities of expression are continually occurring in his verse. Thus he says:

"There 's nothing round this spacious earth  
That suits my large desire" (II, 10).

His spirit would fly above, within the starry heavens,

"Beyond those crystal vaults  
And all their sparkling balls;  
They 're but the porches to thy courts,  
And paintings on thy walls" (H. L., p. 71).

<sup>26</sup> *Lives of the Poets*. Vol. II, p. 453.

<sup>27</sup> H. L. Preface, p. lxxxii.

“ Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,  
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast ?  
 For I have sought no other home,  
 For I have learned no other rest ” (II, 100).

“ In all my vast concerns with thee,  
 In vain my soul would try  
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
 The notice of thine eye.

. . . . .

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
 Where can a creature hide ?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie,  
 Beset on every side ! ” (Ps. 139).

“ Thy words the raging winds controul,  
 And rule the boisterous deep;  
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
 The rolling billows sleep ” (Ps. 89).

“ Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
 To our believing eyes !  
 The earth and seas are passed away,  
 And the old rolling skies.

. . . . .

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
 From every weeping eye,  
 And pains and groans and griefs and fears  
 And death itself shall die ” (I, 21).

The similarity of thought in the lines beginning

“ My mind to me a kingdom is,”

which, dating a century before Watts, are ascribed both to Edward Dyer and to William Byrd, does not take from the dignity and felicity of Watts's “ True Riches ”:

“ I am not concerned to know  
 What to-morrow fate will do;  
 'Tis enough that I can say,  
 I've possessed myself to-day.  
 Then if haply midnight death  
 Seize my flesh and stop my breath,

Yet to-morrow I shall be  
 Heir to the best part of me.  
 Glittering stones, and golden things,  
 Wealth and honours that have wings,  
 Ever fluttering to be gone,  
 I could never call my own.  
 Riches that the world bestows  
 She can take and I can lose;  
 But the treasures that are mine  
 Lie afar beyond her line.  
 When I view my spacious soul,  
 And survey myself a whole,  
 And enjoy myself alone,  
 I'm a kingdom of my own." (H. L., p. 182).

The solemn dirge of the ninetieth Psalm is almost as impressive in Watts's version as in the stately words of King James's translators:

" Our God, our help in ages past,  
   Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
   And our eternal home,  
  
 Under the shadow of thy throne  
   Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
   And our defence is sure.  
  
 Before the hills in order stood  
   Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
   To endless years the same.  
   . . . . .  
 A thousand ages in thy sight  
   Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
   Before the rising sun.  
   . . . . .  
 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
   Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
   Dies at the opening day.  
   . . . . .

Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home!"

When I remarked that Watts has a certain love of beauty I meant, as we generally mean by the phrase, an uncertain one. His aim — let me say it again — is ever homiletical; and not being interested in pure beauty for its own sake, he can do violence to it in ways which would be those of a ruffian if they were not merely those of a preacher. Thus he never lets imperfect rhymes stand in his way. He rhymes *wing* and *begin* (II, 58.3), *not* and *thoughts* (III, 6.1), *tune* and *throne* (III, 8.1), *bliss* and *trees* (II, 16.5), *me* and *sea* (I, 127.2). Of this last we may say, "But that is all right." But according to the pronunciation of his day, it was not, for the latter word was then pronounced *say*.<sup>28</sup> When he is under headway he does not pause to make his rhyming-scheme consistent. Instead of *abab*, as in the rest of the hymn, he puts in *abcb* (I, 108.1). He shows at times shockingly bad taste, as for example:

"Here we behold His bowels roll  
 As kind as when He died,  
 And see the sorrows of His soul  
 Bleed through His wounded side" (III, 4.6).

And when our great-grandparents laid away their loved dead, and the otherwise beautiful hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" rose to the mournful wail of "China," how it must have jarred painfully to come to the third stanza:

<sup>28</sup> "God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm." *Cowper*.

"Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

*Pope; Rape of the Lock. III, 7.*

“ Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb ?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume ” (II, 3.3).

He worked at the technique of his art, and his work shows. His lines flow smoothly and swiftly, without break. He never embarrasses the sense to fit the metre. He is skillful in varying the *cæsura*, and in the use of lines end-stopped and run on. He experimented with various kinds of verse, and the result exhibits skill. Here he is wielding Sapphic hendecasyllables:

“ When the fierce north wind with his airy forces  
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,  
 And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes  
 Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble!  
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,  
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be and the wild disorder  
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly),  
 Such the dire terror, when the great archangel  
 Shakes the creation.” <sup>29</sup>

But there is an appalling amount in his output. One hundred and fifty Psalms, each in many cases in several different metres — Long, Short, Common, Particular — three hundred and sixty-five hymns, thirty-six “Divine and Moral Songs,” two unassorted books of hymns and lyrical poems — it is enough to daunt the stoutest seeker for poetic gold. Knowing that most of such a mass must be but dust, one wishes for a sifter to make a selection from his poems, as Matthew Arnold did for Wordsworth. This indeed has been accomplished automatically. The compilers of hymn-books have taken what they found valuable and incorporated it in their publications, and the

<sup>29</sup> H. L. P. 74.



bulk of this has been very considerable. *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, published in 1858, contains two hundred and fifty-five hymns by Watts. The number in more recent publications is less, owing to the change in popular theology in the last half-century. But take almost any hymn-book of the present day, and it will be found that Watts has contributed to it more than any other writer.

I said his hymns are not mere rhymed theology, though they aimed to be theology — that is, Calvinism — in rhyme. His God is the Hebrew Jehovah unmodified. His theory of the Atonement is bloody substitutionalism; his hell is material and perpetual. But he aimed to do something more than put Calvinism into verse; he aimed to give its emotional value. And as we look over his most repellent lines, we shall find almost all of them bathed in an atmosphere of feeling, and gaining a respect, a worth, and often a beauty thereby. Yet while he accepted the Calvinism of his day, a kindly heart compelled him, as it has done so many others, to modify illogically its severities.

“That spirit led him to declare his persuasion that heathens and savages who never heard of the gospel, are not left to perish unavoidably without any hope or any grace to trust in; but if there be found among them any who fear God and work righteousness, they shall be accepted of Him, through an unknown Mediator, as Cornelius was. It led him to entertain a curious opinion concerning the souls of those who die in infancy. The execrable notion that they are condemned to eternal punishment for their portion of original sin, he utterly rejected. . . . Rather than condemn them to a wretched resurrection for the purpose of being condemned, he would have chosen to believe in a metempsychosis, and that the soul on its early separation from one body entered into another, in which it might go through that state of trial on which its eternal destiny might equitably depend. But in his judgment it was more likely, as more consonant with Scripture, that they underwent, in its strict and final sense, the penalty of temporal death denounced against all the race of Adam, and that there was no resurrection appointed for them.”<sup>30</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Southey's *Life of Isaac Watts*, in *Horae Lyricae*. P. xxxix.

And this loop-hole he enlarged yet more favorably, for he held that the infant children of the elect would be regarded as part of their parents, and so exempt from annihilation and accepted under the covenant of grace. With all his picturesque location of heaven and hell, he catches a glimpse of modern Broad Churchism, and recognizes the destiny of the soul as established automatically:

“Perhaps it may be furnished with some new vehicle of more refined matter; perhaps it may abide where death finds it — in any-where-ness or nowhere-ness, not changing its place but only its manner of thinking and acting and its mode of existence, and without removal finding itself in heaven or hell according to its consciousness of its own deserts.” <sup>31</sup>

This kindness of heart obliged him to make a survey for himself of the strait and narrow way, and to come to the following conclusion: “I am persuaded there is a breadth in the narrow road to heaven, and persons may travel more than seven abreast in it.” <sup>32</sup>

One cannot claim for Watts a place in the first rank of poets. He only occasionally steps into the second rank. He is not likely to be among those whom we take down from our shelves to read in the half-hour when we crave to have the drab dullness of ordinary life gilded with an inspiring glow. Yet when we take his hand, he may lead us into the domain of the eternal, and as we behold him kneeling there in joy and awe we become aware that we are in the presence of God. He was the first Englishman who set the gospel to music, and in his special field of song he has never been surpassed.

<sup>31</sup> Southey's *Life of Isaac Watts*, in *Horae Lyricae*. P. lv.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.* P. xxxix.